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BELL'S LITERARY INTELLIGENCE,

AND NEW NATIONAL OMNIBUS.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC, THEATRICALS, AND THE FINE ARTS, BOTH FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

[No. 1, LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1834. PRICE 1d.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Public are respectfully informed, that "BELL'S LITERARY INTELLIGENCE" will be published *every Friday Evening*. Advertisements for the following Number must therefore be sent to the Office, 59, Fleet-street, by Wednesday Evening at latest, to secure insertion.

For good Selections, and well written Original Articles, existing only in MS., it is presumed "BELL'S LITERARY INTELLIGENCE" is not to be surpassed by any of the cheap, or some of the more expensive Publications of the day.

Theatricals will form a leading feature of the Journal.

Books, Music, &c. will meet with an Impartial Review in the "Bell's Literary Intelligence."

All Letters, unless from known Correspondents, must be post paid.

BELL'S
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE,
AND NEW NATIONAL OMNIBUS.

London, February 1st, 1834.

ADDRESS.

In making our *debut* before the public, it is not our intention to display a grand parade of our intentions—Promise is a fine thing, but performance is infinitely better.—All we have to say is, that if it be the object of a Periodical to amuse the fancy, instruct the mind, and promote the tradesman's interest, by advertising his productions to the mercantile world, we feel confident we shall answer the end of our existence, as well as many, if not *any* of our contemporaries. Without farther preface, therefore, our work shall speak for itself: and we shall dismiss the hackneyed subject of Address writing, by merely relating the admirable anecdote of the two architects of Athens.—It being proposed at Athens to erect a temple, the architects of that city were called upon to deliver estimates, and make their proposals for the edifice. For this purpose a public meeting was convened, and an architect who prided himself greatly on his oratory, arose, and made a most elaborately learned speech, on all the orders of architecture, and how temples *ought* to be erected. When he had done he was applauded to the very echo, and made sure of the job. Another architect, however, a plain spoken man, but well known as a perfect master of his art, then arose. "Citizens of Athens," said he, "it is not my intention to detain you here from your business, with a long oration—a few words will suffice—All that my worthy brother architect has *said*, I can *do*." Thus ended his speech; and the people unanimously gave him the job. Very wisely remarking at the time, that there was a wonderful difference between *saying* and *doing*.—So with us—We promise but little, that we may perform the more.

REVIEWS.

A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland. By JOHN BURKE, ESQ.—R. Bentley for H. Colburn, 1834.

'The mass of Genealogical detail,' of historic fact, of curious family anecdote, here collected, is truly astonishing, and reflects the highest credit upon the industry and research of this highly talented Author. The following interesting Anecdotes we beg to offer to our readers:—The first we shall offer is "A Tale of Mystery."

"John Meynell, of the family of North Kilvington, dying intestate, administration of his effects was granted to Stephen Kirk, of Thornton-le-street, yeoman, 16th September, 1690. The account of his funeral expenses, which is still preserved, states that two hundred and eighty-eight gallons of ale, and an equally amazing quantity of cakes and biscuits were consumed. The total cost was paid out of the effects of the deceased, by his uncle, Major John Talbot of Wood End, who, upon the demise of his nephew, John Meynell, had taken possession of his estates in little Broughton and Dromanby. About eight years subsequently to this event, in consequence of rumours being circulated that John Meynell had been murdered, Roger Meynell of North Kilvington, cousin of the deceased (lineal ancestor of the present Thomas Meynell, Esq., of Yarm and Kilvington) filed a bill against Major John Talbot, for the recovery of the estates, which Major Talbot had taken possession of. From the pleadings in the cause, it appeared that John Meynell, being a Roman Catholic Recusant, conveyed his lands to his two Protestant uncles, Roger and John Talbot, in order to avoid their seizure under the penal statutes then in severe force on account of the infamous plot of the perjured Oates; but with the implied understanding that his two uncles should only hold them in trust for him. Nevertheless, upon the demise of John Meynell, Major John Talbot claimed and took possession of the estates, for the recovery of which the action was brought by the heir at law, Roger Meynell, in whose favour Sir John Trevor pronounced his decree. From the interrogatories administered to the witnesses, it appears that when suspicions of the murder arose, Cuthbert Brown, the servant of the deceased John Meynell, being apprehended, and examined before the Magistrates at Ripon, confessed the foul deed, and also declared at whose suggestions he had committed it. When he was however arraigned before the Judges of York, he refused to plead to the indictment, and standing mute, suffered the punishment of the 'Peine Forte et dure,' and actually died under the horrible infliction of pain. The interrogatories tend to fix the guilt of instigation upon the uncle, Major John Talbot."

The following account of the Funeral and character of the celebrated Francis Rous, collateral ancestor of the present Thomas Bates Rous, Esq., of Courtyrala, is given on the authority of the *Mercurius Politicus*, a Newspaper of the day:—

"Monday the 24th being the day appointed for the interment of the corpse of the Right Hon. Francis Lord Rous, it was performed in this manner: the lords of his Highness's (Oliver Cromwell's) privy council met at his house at Acton, as also divers of the commissioners of the Admiralty, and the officers of the army, with many other persons of honour and quality. His Highness was also pleased to send several of his gentlemen in coaches of six horses, to be present at the solemnity; three heralds likewise, or officers at arms, gave their attendance. The corpse was placed in a carriage, covered with a pall of black velvet, adorned with escutcheons, and drawn by six horses in mourning furniture. The Lords of the Council followed it, and the rest, in their order towards Eton College, by Windsor, where the deceased Lord, having been Provost, desired he might be interred. A sermon was preached after the burial by Mr. Oxenbridge, one of the fellows, and so the ceremony ended. He needs no monument besides his own printed works, to convey his name to posterity; the other works of his life may be termed of charity, wherein he was most exemplary, as the poor in many parts now with tears will tell you. He chose to lay his bones in his college, because the society had his heart, being men of the same Christian temper with himself; and in his testament he prayed that God would please to continue (as it is) a famous nursery of piety and learning. Some Historians (Clarendon, Wood, &c.) give, however, a very different character of this personage."

IMPROVEMENT OF MOORFIELDS.

"At his father's decease, being sent to London, he (Sir Leonard) there rose to be sheriff, and in 1605. was Lord Mayor, and knighted by king James I. Historians relate how Sir Leonard converted the Moorfields, then a perfect laystall in the vicinity of London, into the beautiful and fashionable gardens which they were in aftertimes; and so little agreeable was this labour to the men employed, that they adopted a term for hard toil by calling it, like the improvements of Moorfields, *Holiday work*."

A ROYAL PLEDGE.

"Sir Henry Carey, knight, was Sheriff of the county of Devon; in the 18th of Charles I., and during the civil wars, devoted himself and his fortune to the services of that unhappy Prince. Having thus consumed a considerable estate when the royal cause fell, he was forced to fly his native land. The House of Stuart was not, however, unmindful of such disinterested devotion, for when the Duke of Ormond, in a succeeding reign, appeared off Torr Bay, he assured the family, on the part of his royal master, the Chevalier, of that Prince's recognition of their great services, and of his wish to grant them high honours and honourable indemnification, in pledge of which he had sent them his father, king James the Second's picture, with that of his mother, the queen, enclosed in a silver box. This memorial is now preserved at Follaton House. It has been asserted, and not without probability, that the miniatures of James II. and his queen, which are in the possession of some families to this day, were given as assurances, or more properly speaking, as royal bonds for monies lent and estates alienated in the service of the royal house of Stuart."

We shall take an early opportunity of again returning to this clever publication.

Job. A Dramatic Poem.—Smith, Elder, and Co., 1834.

This poem is by the author of 'The Elegies of Tibullus,' 'Napoleon,' the 'Bird of the Beeches,' &c.: we shall in our present number content ourselves by giving an extract from the work, and leave our readers to judge for themselves as to its merit; for we must candidly confess we have not patience even to read the work thro' ourselves:—

"The night had clambered to her steepest tower,
The solemn post, most opposite to noon,
When men are swaddled fast in bands of sleep,
Which loosely floated from me, and refused
Its grateful fetter; suddenly I felt
A touch, not of the living; clammy drops
Gathered upon my forehead, cold as icicles,
My tongue was chained, my hair, as nerved with life,
And not of my volition, stood and crackled,
My eyeballs, for their sockets felt too full,
Dilated, glaring wide, yet seeing nothing,
And all my bones, with rattling agitation,
Jousted and knocked each other; in my ears
A tingling grew into a breath, a sound, a whisper,
Slender and shrill, more dreadful than the voice
Of loudest thunderbolts, and cut within
My soul these words: 'All mortal works are vain;
Man breathes but sin, and sinful at his birth,
More sinful dying, passes to perdition;
Renounce the world, the flesh, the fiend, and live.'"

although, at the same time, we cannot deny that the work possesses talent—but on such a subject the writer appears so dull and lumbersome, that it would tire the patience of Job himself to peruse it.

Irish National Tales. By the Most Distinguished Modern Authors. Now first collected. 'Yesterday in Ireland.' By E. E. CROWE, Esq. 3 vols. R. Bentley for H. Colburn. 1834.

IN noticing the first set of these 'Irish National Tales' (*The Nowlans, and Peter of the Castle*) we adverted to their high literary merit—to the handsomeness of the style in which they are printed and bound—and to their superiority in point of cheapness over even the popular edition of the Waverley Novels, a series published at 5s. per vol., of a small size, while these, of a larger and handsomer size, and neatly lettered in green and gold, are published at 4s. per vol. These are points of consideration far from unimportant to the reader, the purchaser, the collector of books; and holding forth an opportunity for the formation of a library of modern, yet standard works of fiction, on the easiest possible terms.

Perfectly uniform with the first set, and in every respect of equal merit and beauty, the present *triad* cannot fail to experience an extensive demand.—We are glad to observe that the February set is to consist of 'The Croppy,' by the O'Hara Family.

The Baboo, and other Tales, descriptive of Society in India. 2 vols. post 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1834.

THESE tales, the preface informs us, were written by a gentleman, now deceased, who held a situation in the civil service of the Bengal establishment. The first in the series, which is entitled the *Baboo*, contains some lively and piquant pictures of society and manners in Calcutta, which must be interesting to every reader, and more especially to those who are in any way connected with India. But for its length, the 'Baboo' might with propriety be entitled a drama rather than a tale, for it consists almost wholly of a series of dialogues, most of which are written with a degree of point and vivacity that would render them very effective on the stage. The incidents and characters are occasionally somewhat too romantic to bear any semblance to nature or probability; but it is nevertheless, a production of great talent; and had the author lived to attain the full maturity of his powers, he would probably, have held a distinguished rank among writers of fiction. The descriptions of races, masquerades, dinners, &c. in Calcutta, are sketched with a very skilful hand. The volumes contain three tales. The second is entitled 'Theodore, or Cœlebs the Younger,' and the third, 'A Man of Sentiment in the Moffusil.' These, though brief and sketchy, contain some well drawn characters, and are interspersed with amusing pictures of the various grades of life in the East.

Memoirs of Marshal Ney.—Bull and Churton, 26, Holles' Street, Cavendish Square.

No lover of the truly chivalrous and noble-minded Marshal Ney, the victim of narrow-minded policy, and the revengeful and perhaps envious spirit of *nick-named* heroes, will pass disregarded by—the stirring life of this gallant soldier of fortune.

REVIEWS—(CONTINUED.)

The Coquette.—By the Author of "MISERIMUS."—3 vols. HOOKHAM, Old Bond-street.

This Novel is (as it should be, from the light and flighty title it bears) written in a lively, humourous style, without any great pretensions to depth of character; for it treats of that most volatile of all spirits—the *Coquette*. Those who prefer "trifles, light as air," to "confirmation, strong as holy writ;" in a word, the humorous to the philosophical, will, we are assured, peruse this work with pleasure.

The Anti-Spelling Book.—A New System of teaching Children to read without Spelling.—BULL and CHURTON.

Ten thousand thanks to the author of this Innovation, on one of the most cruel absurdities connected with the education of youth; the teaching children to spell, or put words together from the letters of an Alphabet, in perpetual contradiction with itself. How often have we not felt for the poor infant, trembling at the master's rod, when racking its little brains to spell the word *father*: for example—"F—a"—says the child, spells *fay* (according to the English Alphabet,) then adding the last syllable *ther*, the whole must naturally sound (*fayther*), yet the poor child, who is taught to call A(*ay*) dare not credit even its own tutor, but must pronounce the word with the broad French or German *A*, Father. It is absurd to talk of exceptions to rules, or the several sounds of the vowels, &c. &c.,—what business have children with such subtleties? Is it not the most crying injustice, to tell a child, that all words (what an absurdity,) ending in *gh*, should sound like *f*, and yet correct the same child for reading *pluff*, for plough;—verily, all madmen are not in St. Luke's—and the worst of this madness is, that there is no "method in it." Away, then, with such absurdity, though advocated by all the long gowns and long wigs in the nation; and success to the man who has the courage to commence the Herculean task of cleansing that immense stable of stultified prejudice—which all but renders abortive the noblest occupation of the Christian and the Philosopher—the Education of the rising *generation*.

The Duchess of Berri, in La Vendee. By GENERAL DORMONCOURT.—Same Publisher.

If ever authentic history were blended with romantic adventures, such may be said to be the case with regard to these Memoirs. A more heroic story was never penned, or one told in a more pleasing style. This work is sure to become a favourite with the ladies.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces.—Part X. London, TILT.

Of this exquisite production, too much in praise could scarcely be said; in fact, it is all but perfection's self; and those who are in the habit at this convivial season, of making splendid presents to their friends—say *gold*, or *costly jewels*; let their gift be—the 'GALLERY OF THE GRACES'—and their object is more than accomplished.

The National Portrait Gallery.—Part 57, FISHER, FISHER and JACKSON.

This number, which is equal in execution to any of the former, contains the portraits of Lord Rodney (who, from a casual glance at his very feminine countenance, one would suppose the last man to frighten a powerful foe, and achieve a splendid victory;) Muzio Clementi, the father of Pianoforte Music, follows—and next, David Witkie, Esq. R.A., who, as a cotemporary observes, "ought to suffer no one to paint his picture but himself." Such works as these are not only instructive in an historical point of view; but, by administering occasionally a little necessary food to natural vanity, keep patriotism alive—the true source of all national greatness.

Mr. Valpy's Edition of Shakspeare.

This beautiful edition of Shakspeare is now complete, and forms one of the most splendid sets of works in the list of modern publications. We are delighted with their appearance, and beg to congratulate Mr. Valpy upon the success of his efforts in sending forth a work which must find its way, not only from its handsome and uniform style, but also from its novelty,—for it is profusely illustrated with outline engravings, and has a copious index,—into every classical and respectable library. The last volume, besides, contains the immortal author's Minor Poems, effusions which are not generally known, but which, with few exceptions, are in perfect keeping with the master-mind of his genius. We shall take an opportunity of reviewing Mr. Valpy's other periodical publications.

The Merchant's Guide.—Morison, Fenchurch-street.

This is a clever little work, and apparently written by a hand well acquainted with the general business of the Custom House; and which no mercantile establishment should be without, as much inconvenience often arises at the moment of clearing vessels, by the inaccurate manner in which the documents have been prepared, and from the business being too often entrusted to junior clerks, who are unacquainted as to the general routine. To Merchants' Clerks, therefore, this little work will prove invaluable; and we cannot too highly applaud the motives of the Author, and the merit he has shewn in its compilation of Imports and Exports, modes of clearing vessels, with cargoes, or in ballast to foreign parts; bounties and drawbacks of customs and excise; clearing of wines from the docks; forms of entries; tables of old and imperial measure; allowances of bonded goods for ships' stores, with other necessary information. By F. W. DUNNE, Late Clerk in the Searcher's Office, and now in the Warehouse Keeper's Office, St. Katherine's Docks.

The Story without an End. From the German of F. W. CAROVE.—Effingham Wilson, 88, Royal Exchange.

One of the most beautiful and interesting Christmas presents for youth we ever perused. The Germans are celebrated (while they are unquestionably the most profoundly scientific people in Europe) for the scrupulous attention they pay to light and agreeable literature; especially such works as have a reference to the education and amusement of the rising generation. This work is translated by Mrs. Austin, to whose masterly pen (we must apologize for the expression, as applied to a lady, but our language affords no other) we are likewise indebted for

Characteristics of Goethe. From the German of Falk von Müller, &c., with notes, original and translated, illustrative of German literature.—Same publishers.

This is one of the ablest translations from any language we ever read; and the difficulties of rendering Goethe into English, are not trifling; in fact, the work scarcely has the appearance of a translation, which is speaking volumes in its praise. Englishmen, unacquainted with the German language, make strange blunders in the pronunciation of celebrated proper names; thus, Blücher is pronounced *Bloocher*, and *Goethe*, is a stumbling block which few know how to get over; for the information of the non-German student, we would observe, that the German dipthong must invariably be heard; the name of Goethe therefore will sound something like *Guy-tee*, taking care to pronounce the final *e*, as in French or German, not English.

The Naval and Military Library of Entertainment. A Series of Works from the Pens of Distinguished Officers. Now first collected. In Twenty Volumes. 'Sailors and Saints,' by the Author of the 'Naval Sketch Book.' 3 vols. R. Bentley for H. Colburn. 1834.

OH, with what roars of laughter did we read the novel of 'Sailors and Saints' on its first publication! And what can be a truer test of the genuineness of humour, than that *decies repetita placebit?*—that, again and again it will make us laugh till our very sides ache? Such has been the effect upon us by a reperusal of 'Sailors and Saints,' and such we are convinced would be equally the effect upon the twentieth reading. There are scenes—incidents—characters—in this work, of which, from their rich, racy, *nautical*, and *natural* humour, Smollett himself might be proud.

The Lay of Life: a Poem.—By HANS BUSK.—London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1834.

We take great pleasure in bringing under the notice of our readers the above clever little work, which appears, from the hasty glance which we have been enabled at present to give it, to be written in style, and characterised by a wild strength of imagery and expression, and reflects great credit on its author, who, we understand, is at present new to the literary world. The following extracts are very pleasing:—

Page 77.

To brighter lands and skies I turn again,
Where the proud demon, Discontent, and foul—
For ever bound in reason's golden chain,
O'er awed by godly fear desists to howl:
Where Nature's artless songsters votive str in,
Drowns the hoarse screechings of the boding owl.
Religion's glimmering star shall cheer the road,
Tho' set to thy dear discord's cavernous abode.

Page 80.

On the bold mountain, whose sublimer head
Seems cognizance of kindred stars to claim;
Whose stedfast roots are fixed in ocean's bed;
How joys the soul the ascendant route to aim.
Heaven-ward, advancing with aerial tread,
Scorning the lowly valley whence she came!
While on the extended map the roving eye
Lords it o'er prostrate earth, and sea, and sky.

For more than this we have really no room; but it is almost impossible to do the poem that justice it deserves in so brief a quotation; but we shall take an early opportunity of again returning to it; in the meantime we beg to recommend it to the early attention of our readers and the public.

The Literary Cyclopedia, or Universal Dictionary of Ideas. By THOMAS DOLBY.—Berger, Holywell Street.

This is a very amusing, excellently compiled, and exceedingly cheap publication; it will, when complete, form a very curious and interesting work. The selections are very judicious, and the biography very interesting.

Published by G. Berger, 42, Holywell-street, Strand.

NEW MUSIC.

Songs of the Wild Flowers of Spring—Words by J. W. LESLIE. Music by J. M. JOLLY. Dale and Co.

"THIS is a very clever little work—it is by the leader of the band of the Surrey Theatre—and is a very pleasing specimen of this composer's talents, and if well sung, cannot fail to be highly effective;—it is dedicated, by permission, to Sheridan Knowles.

Life and Works of Burns. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Cochrane and M'Crone.

This is a most desirable work, and brought, through the moderateness of its price, within the reach of the general reader. The style of the work is highly creditable to the publishers; and an unprecedented sale will, doubtless, amply remunerate them for their liberality. We know of no author, Shakspeare himself perhaps scarcely excepted, so universally popular as Burns.

POET'S CORNER.

"Come list, ye Nymphs; in sober sadness,
Whilst a tender tale I tell.
Hark! It racks my brain with madness,
Sighing softly, Fare thee well."

The gems of midnight, gaily hung
On Heaven's deep tinctured dome;
And the revolting planets swung
Around their starry home.

And moonlight hung her mantle o'er
The dark and boundless sea;
When, wandering by the silent shore,
I came to meet with thee.

I left my father's stately tower—
The Warders I stole by:—
What will not maid, in any hour,
When her true love is nigh?

Thou could'st not scale my Castle steep,
Thy maiden's face to see;
But to the borders of the deep,
She hath come down to thee.

Boast not what man for woman's sigh,
And woman's love will brave;
Lo, here I stand, and no one nigh,
Beside the pirate's cave.

I left our gates, when twilight weed
Was fit for words of love;
And thus hath woman done the deed
That man was wont to prove.

E. W. D.

HENRY, THE POOR SHEPHERD BOY.

(ORIGINAL.)—BY THE EDITOR.

By the side of a brook, in a neat little cot,
Liv'd Henry the poor shepherd boy;
Still happy and cheerful content with his lot,
Void of troubles his peace to annoy.

In a castle so stately, upon a high hill,
Dwelt Rupert the lord of the glen;
The slave of his passions, whose law was his will,
The worst and most wicked of men.

The lord of the glen could not slumber nor rest,
Though his couch was the softest of down,
So he sent for a doctor, of great skill possess'd,
And ask'd with an angry frown,—

How is this? that with dignity, honour and wealth,
Sweet slumber I ne'er can enjoy;
Nor boast of the ruddy complexion of health,
Like Henry, the poor shepherd boy!

The doctor look'd wise; felt his pulse and prescrib'd,
But his drugs they effected no cure,
For still the same evils his patient describ'd,
Lord Rupert was doom'd to endure.

Lord Rupert then straightway repaired to the cell,
Of a hermit with offers of wealth,
And a promise that he in his castle should dwell,
If he would but restore him to health.

The hermit devoutly cried, "gold is in vain;
Sweet slumber thou ne'er shalt enjoy,
Till conscience at rest is, within thee, and then,
Thou will sleep like the poor shepherd boy."

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE 32.

If e'er, reclined beneath the shade
At ease, with thee a strain I've played,
Which Fame's undying praise may claim;
O, at Mæcenas' call now frame
A lyric lay my friendly lyre.
Whose soothing song and lofty fire
Alceus was the first to wake;
Who fierce in war, could yet partake
The muses sweet seductive charms;
And though, amid the clash of arms,
Or driven by the tempest's roar,
His shatter'd bark to chain on shore,
Still did he ever tune his lays
To Bacchus' and the Muses' praise;
To Venus, laughter's joyous queen,
And Cupid, constant with her scen;
To beauteous Lycus, ever fair,
With eyes of jet, and jet-black hair:
Sweet Lyre! Apollo's glorious pride,
Who dost at heavenly feasts preside,
Soft soother of each anxious care,
O, be propitious! hear my prayer.

C. S.

BON MOT.—M. E. Chateauville evinced an early promptitude of parts and quickness of wit. when he was only nine years of age, a bishop thinking to puzzle him, he said "tell me, my child, where God is, and I will give you an orange" To this the child readily answered "tell me, my lord, where He is not, and I will give you two."

AMUSING LITERATURE.

EMILY.

Chance led me to the delightful and picturesque city of Naples, in the year 1817, the day after my arrival I strolled down to the shore and amused myself with observing an assemblage of the people that had congregated on the beach; the crowds increased, and feeling curious to ascertain the cause, I cast my eyes round to seek for some intelligent informant, when a young and slightly formed stranger, in English costume, started from one of the groups, and grasping my hand, "Frederic (cried he,) have you forgotten your old friend Elsemere," overjoyed at meeting him, I returned his embrace, and forcing my way through the crowd, began rapidly to question him, as to where he had been since I parted from him in England, four years since. After my numerous questions were replied to, I asked him for an explanation of the present concourse of people—"I am in some measure connected with it, (replied he;) but if you wait for a short time and accompany me to my hotel, I will relate all." We now heard the sound of distant music mingled with huzzas, and in a few moments a party of British sailors appeared, preceded by drums and fifes, and a union jack on a standard, borne by one of the party; at the head of the procession was a young fellow, the true cut of a British tar, white trousers, light blue jacket, striped Guernsey frock, open in front, displaying his checked shirt and breast, whose scars, bore testimony that he had often faced the enemies of his country. Leaning upon his arm, and habited in white, was a lovely girl—the moment they recognized Edward, there was a loud cheer from the party, and the young sailor and his fair companion advanced—"heaven bless your honour, (cried he to Edward,) to you my dear Emily and I owe our happiness, and never shall we cease to pray for our benefactor;" a roseate blush mantled over Emily's cheek as she raised her expressive blue eyes and made her acknowledgments to Edward, who, shaking hands with her and William, saw them and their party into a man-of-war's gig, which soon bore them to a frigate that lay at anchor in the offing. All this, of course, was to be explained to me, and I felt impatient until Edward and I had arrived at his hotel, which happened to be the one I stopped at; and being seated in his apartment, he commenced as follows:—"After the melancholy fate of Laura, I quitted England, determined never again to return,—to fly from my own feelings I found impossible, and, urged by despair, and a hopelessness of ever again enjoying peace of mind, I sought, in change of scene, to drive from my recollection the days of bliss that never would return. I arrived at Naples about four months since, and fixed my residence at this hotel; after viewing all that was worthy of remark in the city, my walks were directed to the surrounding country, and the influence of the genial atmosphere, and beautiful scenery, by degrees reduced my lacerated feelings to a calmer tone. I had strolled out one delightful evening, and extended my walk farther than usual, when I found myself in an avenue which evidently led to some pallazo; I looked round to see if any one was in sight, that could direct me, when a burst of infantile laughter denoted I was near some habitation, and two lovely children burst from amongst the trees, followed by a female, of a slight and elegant figure, whose face was concealed by a large bonnet, in the English fashion; advancing, 'I presume I address a countrywoman' (said I,) she turned on hearing my voice, surprise had shed a glow over her cheeks, and the beauteous animation of her countenance struck me speechless; her face was oval, dark-brown hair, blue eyes, a Roman nose, small pouting coral lips, which when she smiled disclosed two rows of pearl—remembrance of Laura, flashed across my mind, and a pang thrilled to my soul, I must have appeared exceedingly aukward; when, pitying my confusion; 'you are not deceived, Sir, I am English; but it is so long since I have heard or spoken to any one from my native country, that surprise prevented my replying to you sooner; you have taken the wrong path, and I shall feel a pleasure in directing you. The children ran playing before us, and I walked on with my fair guide; her story was soon told,—her parents had tenanted a farm near Worthing, heavy losses had preyed upon her father's mind, he sunk under them and her mother soon followed him to that

"Bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Cast upon the world without a protector, and possessed of superior personal attractions, she gained the notice of several; and, probably from her unprotected state, was marked out by some libertine, when a lady and gentleman on their way to the continent, stopped a few days at Worthing, and being in want of a female attendant, from the good character they received of Emily, engaged her. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer through France, and onwards to Italy, when they fixed their residence at Naples. Mrs. Mortimer was a beautiful and accomplished woman, much younger than her husband, to whom parental authority had forced her to give her hand, but her heart had been early engaged to another. Young Stanmore was a pupil at her father's seminary;—possessing but a small fortune, it would have been highly imprudent for either party to think of a marriage with each other; yet it was impossible for them not to feel warmer emotions than friendship. Stanmore's education being finished, he quitted her father's, and a distant relative having procured him a commission in the army, he joined his regiment, and served under the immortal Wellington, during the peninsula war. Amidst the confusion of camps, and busy scenes of a soldier's life, he still preserved remembrance of Sophia, and consoled himself after every engagement, with the hope of finding her unmarried, and that the rank of major, to which he had now arrived, would enable him to support her according to his wishes. When he reached England, the first intelligence he received, was of her marriage with another. Stung to the very soul, he fled from the shores of Britain, without inquiring further, fully convinced of her faithlessness.

"He had been in Naples some time, when, standing on the steps of his hotel, an English equipage drove up, and Sophia was handed out by her husband. Struck with astonishment, he hastily retired; while she, as much agitated and surprised by the unexpected rencontre, nearly sunk to the ground—but preserving sufficient presence of mind, attributed her weakness to their long journey. Stanmore, recollecting all his former tenderness for Sophia, and being now under the same roof with the object of his earliest affection, could not resist an opportunity that soon offered for an eclaircissement. Sophia was dissatisfied with her husband, he was old, avaricious, and jealous;—Stanmore was young, handsome, a soldier, and her first love—the result may be anticipated; an elopement took place, and the imprudent pair quitted Naples with such secrecy and dispatch, that none of her servants, not even Emily was aware of her flight, until a considerable time had elapsed. Rage at first rendered Mr. Mortimer speechless; and his violence of temper, added to the heat of the climate, threw him into a fever: here Emily shewed the amiability of her disposition; she watched by his bed-side, administered his medicines, and held the cooling draught to his parched lips. He fell a victim to the disorder; it was infectious, and Emily caught the contagion; for three weeks she tottered on the verge of eternity, but youth and beneficent providence assisted her recovery. The elopement of her mistress, and her master's subsequent death, had been the subject of general conversation in Naples; and her attention to the invalid, and illness, having reached the ears of a lady, who, to every amiable quality joined the power, from her wealth, of bestowing happiness on the distressed. By her directions Emily was removed from the hotel where she had remained since her master's decease, and conveyed to the Senora Palmeri's pallazo. Change of air, and every kind attention, soon caused the roses to revisit her cheeks, and she was retained in the capacity of compenion to her benefactress. Senior Palmeri was one of the richest merchants of Naples; his commercial transactions extended to various countries, possessing several estates, and warehouses filled with valuable merchandise; blessed with an amiable wife, and two lovely children, and rolling in affluence, he yet was unhappy. He, who could command almost every gratification, felt that the possession of one object was necessary to his happiness—that object was the beautiful, the mild and retiring Emily; she had not escaped unnoticed, her charms seized upon his heart, and retreat was unavailing; nor did he strive to check the passion, yet he was aware that the utmost caution was necessary, for Emily would have preferred returning to the poor and unfriended state from which she had been taken, to living in splendid infamy. It was at this period, continued Edward, that I first became acquainted with her; after directing me in the road to Naples, she informed me that where I had met her and the children, was her usual evening's walk: we parted, and could I have forgotten Laura, I might, from my too susceptible nature, have rendered myself equally unhappy with Emily. On the following evening, I directed my course to the place of appointment; met her—passed a few hours, which seemed but as minutes—and thus continued our acquaintance for nearly three months; and yet it will astonish you when I say, that love was never touched upon. For a girl in her sphere of life, she was much better informed than I could have supposed; and her conversation evinced much intelligence. One evening I casually mentioned the sea, and the *Endymion* frigate was named; a blush, and agitation of manner, I had never before remarked, led me to enquire the reason, and whether she had any friends or acquaintance in the vessel; she did not refuse me her confidence. The son of an opulent farmer, who lived near her father's, was early affianced to her, when misfortune visited her family; the father of William, too worldly minded to allow his son to act as his feelings prompted, insisted on his giving up all thoughts of Emily; driven to desperation, he entered on board the *Endymion* frigate, then under orders for a foreign station; and left his cruel parent, who deeply regretted, when too late, his harsh treatment of an only son. My walks with Emily were remarked, and one evening we were met by a gentleman, who significantly regarded me, looked fixedly at my companion, and passed on without speaking. "It is Signor Palmeri, my master, (said she) and I suppose he was surprised to see me with a stranger." The following evening, when I took my accustomed course, instead of Emily, I met her master; I was passing, when he requested a few moments conversation with me; he said that he considered himself as the protector of Emily—that a female of her class, possessing her charms, and unaccustomed to the complimentary mode of expression usual in the higher walks of life, would easily be led, and readily biased by attentions from one, her superior in rank. To this I replied, she might be deemed my countrywoman, that our meeting had been accidental, and that my intentions were perfectly innocent; that had I not been aware he was married, and in the enjoyment of perfect domestic felicity, I should attribute his interference to a different motive; an indefineable expression crossed his countenance at this remark, but quickly recovering himself, he again resumed the subject, which, after a few trifling remarks, was concluded by my wishing him good evening. I absented myself for several evenings, but at last involuntarily strayed to the usual place of meeting: I met her; she looked pale and agitated; my surmises had been just, and her master had fully developed his character. Under the mask of regard for her welfare, he concealed the basest intentions; he had first mentioned her acquaintance with me to his wife, who did not agree with him as to its impropriety; to others he had also spoken; thus lowering himself, and becoming guilty of a meanness to further his views upon Emily.

"The Senora Palmeri, having gone on a visit for a few days, her husband thought it a favourable opportunity to put his project in force after dinner, during which he had paid particular attention to Emily, to whom he offered several of the luscious and intoxicating Italian cordials; his conversation assumed a freer air, his language became unliscenced, he spoke of the marriage ties with ridicule, argued on the principle, that

"Love and liberty was nature's law."

Mentioned his wife in a contemptuous manner; and allowing his arm to fall round Emily's waist, —clasped her to his bosom. "Permit me to retire Sir (cried she,) and sorry am I to perceive that you so far forget yourself and the distance that is between us, as to act in such a manner." Palmeri had sense to perceive that her virtuous indignation was aroused, and he strove as much as possible to apologise for his conduct, attributing it to the more than usual quantity of wine he had drunk; she accepted his concessions and left the apartment, while he quitted his pallazo to attend a splendid masquerade in Naples. That evening the terrified and unahppy Emily communicated the circumstances to me, you may imagine how much I regretted not having an asylum to offer her; my advice, however, was to be as seldom as possible with her master, and if her mistress prolonged her visit, to join her accompanied by the children. In the interim, I promised to make inquiries amongst some English families of my acquaintance at Naples, whom she could return home with; I saw her to the pallazo, and strolled back to my hotel. "I hope you were not disturbed this morning Sir," said the waiter, as he attended with my breakfast; "no, (replied I,) a long walk yesterday caused me to sleep sounder than usual; but have you any fresh arrivals." "About six o'clock this morning (said he,) loud and repeated knocks at the gate, and a female voice exclaiming 'for the sake of heaven, give me shelter,' aroused me from my bed; I hurried on my clothes, and opening the door, gave admittance to a countrywoman of your's who lives in Senor Palmeri's family, she immediately asked for my mistress, and they have been together ever since."

"It instantly struck me, that some fresh insult had compelled Emily to seek a refuge, and I immediately requested an interview—I found her much agitated; to my inquiries, she replied, that her master had returned about four o'clock in the morning, and having gained admittance with a private key, he entered her apartment; she was not undressed, and had thrown herself upon the bed, when Palmeri's intrusion awoke her, and she beheld him, his face flushed with intemperance, and his eyes denoting determination for some lawless deed; he clasped her in his arms, she screamed, it was useless, her strength was nearly exhausted, the panting and terrified girl cast her eyes to heaven imploring succour, and then glancing upon the base hypocrite in whose power she was, the handle of his stiletto met her eye, she plucked it from the sheath, and with a desperate hand struck it at his breast, but his arm intercepted the deadly direction of the weapon.—With an exclamation, he relaxed his hold, she sprang past him, the door was open, and she reached the hotel in safety.

"The mistress of the hotel and I, advised Emily to remain secluded, and not by any means to venture out; she followed our suggestions, and thus a week passed on. I walked out as usual, and one evening perceived a physician's carriage at the pallazo, I surmised Palmeri was confined by his wound.

"I was sitting a few evenings after at the window of my hotel which commanded a view of the Bay, in the offing was a large square rigged vessel, her white sails appearing above the horizon, along which the setting sun threw a rich glow. She approached, and when I could distinguish her hull, I discovered her to be a British frigate, she soon reached the anchorage, and having come too, her yards were quickly manned and the sails furled, while the boatswain's shrill call directed the well-trained seamen—in about an hour a boat was lowered and made towards the shore; but as by this time twilight had set in, I retired from the window and took up a book to amuse myself. I had seen Emily an hour before, and she then expressed her intention of going with the landlady's daughter to visit the child's aunt; about ten o'clock the little girl came running in to its mother, saying that some naughty men with black faces were carrying Emily away; the landlady instantly flew to me with the intelligence; and hastily inquiring the way to her sister's, I rushed out accompanied by two of the male servants, who had armed themselves with the first weapons that came to hand. We had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards, when "a friend or foe," was called out in English. "Friends, friends," cried I, and hurrying onwards we discovered Emily senseless and in the arms of a young sailor, whose cutlass unsheathed and bloody, bore testimony of a fray.

"Lights at this time having arrived shewed us at a short distance farther, stretched on the ground, and pierced with wounds, a man masked; on the removal of which, from his countenance, the well known features of Palmeri met my view. "Heaven is juts, (cried I) yet he has been summoned before his Maker with his numerous crimes unrepented. A cap, with the name of Barrozzi written inside it, was discovered near Palmeri, which shewed he had an accomplice. Emily was conveyed to the hotel, and thither, also, was the body of Palmeri borne; on our way I fell into conversation with Emily's preserver; he was one of the boat's crew that landed from the frigate, and having strolled about the town for some time, was separated from his companions, when the screams of a female attracted his attention, and drawing his cutlass, he dashed forward, and came up with them just as they were bearing Emily to a carriage. The ruffian who had her in his arms, and who afterwards proved to be Palmeri, was forced to let her sink on the ground, while he defended himself; her rescuer stood over her, and after a sharp but short conflict, his opponent fell, mortally wounded: the rest of the ruffians took to flight.

"As soon as Emily was brought to the hotel, and had recovered from her state of insensibility, she cast her eyes round, and suddenly fixing them on her gallant defender, uttered a scream of joy, while the name of William thrilled from her lips, and tottering into his arms, she sank upon a breast panting with love and delight, equal to her own.

"What an unexpected and agreeable surprise; the late dangers she had escaped, and the melancholy events of the evening, were forgotten; smiles beamed on every countenance, and congratulations poured from every tongue. Seated by his Emily, his arm round her waist, and her head reclining on his shoulder, they appeared estranged from all save each other. We soon retired, and left the lovers to enjoy their mutual happiness.

"The next morning the magistrates having received the body of Palmeri, and examined the several witnesses, at once acquitted William. I had interested the British Ambassador in his behalf, who fully explained the circumstances to the authorities.

"As soon as William's innocence was declared, he and Emily were united by the Ambassador's Chaplain; I gave her away, and as her lover imprinted a chaste and manly salute upon her pouting lips, I felt the pleasurable sensations of having assisted in uniting two affectionate hearts."

Such was Edward's tale; and it gratified me so much, that I committed it to writing. When I returned to England, I visited Worthing, and found William and Emily established in a comfortable farm; she with a lovely babe in her arms, and he in the full enjoyment of domestic happiness, and rural felicity.

"Who lost the battle?" enquired a person from an officer: "ask them that found it," returned the other.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE WEDDING GOWN.

Mathew Lubeski, Mr. Cooper; Beeswing, Mr. Farren; Creamly, Mr. Webster; Junket, Mr. Meadows; Augusta Miss Phillips; Margaret, Miss Taylor.

With other Entertainments.

To conclude with the grand Equestrian Spectacle, entitled

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The spectacle under the direction of Mr. Ducrow, who will appear with his stud of horses.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

GUSTAVUS THE THIRD,

OR, THE MASKED BALL.

Gustavus the third, Mr. Warde; Count Ribbing, Mr. Wilson; Lillienhorn, Mr. Templeton; Dehorn, Mr. Seguin; Captain Ankastroom, Mr. Martyn; Oscar, Miss Shirreff; Christian Engleheart, Mr. Bedford; Madame Ankastroom, Miss Inverarity; Arvedson, Mrs. Fitzwilliam.

After which, the grand Operatical Pantomime, entitled

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, AND HER DOG.

The characters by Messrs. Weiland, Ellar, Barnes, T. Matthews, W. H. Payne, and Miss Forster.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

LURLINE,

Or, the Revolt of the Naiades.

Previous to which a New Burletta, called

ISABELLA; OR, WOMAN'S LIFE.

To conclude with the new Grand Comic Pantomime, with splendid new Scenery, extensive Machinery, Dresses, and Decorations, called

HARLEQUIN AND MARGERY DAW!

OR, THE SAUCY SLUT AND THE SEE-SAW.

With Entire new Scenery.

ROYAL FITZROY THEATRE.

(Late Queen's, Tottenham-street, Fitzroy-square,)

A novel entertainment, called

MATTEO FALKONI,

After which the Original Domestic Drama, called

A FATHER'S PLEA.

With a new Musical Farce, in One Act, called

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

To conclude with the Pantomime of

HARLEQUIN MERMAN,

OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP.

DUCROW'S NEW ARENA.

Church-street, Whitechapel.

DUCROW'S GRAND SPECTACLE,

In which he and the rest of Astley's well known artists will appear.

The Entertainments are changed every third night.

GARRICK THEATRE,

Leman-street Whitechapel.

JONATHAN BRADFORD.

Jonathan Bradford.....Mr. Freer.

And the New Splendid Pantomime of

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.

THE CLERK OF CLERKENWELL.

After which a New Melo Drama, called

THE TINKER OF TADCASTER.

To conclude with the Grand Pantomime of

HARLEQUIN AND THE STOLEN NOSE.

LOWTHER ROOMS,

King William-Street, West-strand.

Mr. Wood, of the King's Theatre, professor and teacher of dancing, begs respectfully to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that incomplete pupils can be made perfect in the most elegant style of dancing, at all hours.

An Evening Academy on Tuesdays and Fridays—a Juvenile afternoon academy on Wednesday and Saturday—and a select subscription Quadrill Party, every Friday evening, from 8 until 11o'Clock.

For cards of Terms apply at the rooms.

N. B.—The above elegant suit of rooms may be engaged for Public or Private Parties.

SURREY THEATRE.

WALTER BRAND,
Or, A Duel in the Mist.

Principal Characters by—Messrs. Searle, Rumball, Hill, Dibdin Pitt, Vale, Maitland, &c., Mrs. West, Mrs. Vale, and Miss Vincent.

After which, the successful piece of
PRISONER OF ROCHELLE.

To conclude with
GRACE GAYTON.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.

Windmill-street, Haymarket.

YARAMEEI THE YAGER.

After which
JOHN ENGLISH.

To conclude with
THE HEADSMAN.

CLARENCE THEATRE,

King's Cross.

An entirely New Domestic Drama, founded on Goldsmith's Poem of the Deserted Village, called.
THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

To conclude with
GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.

ROYAL PAVILLION.

OTHELLO.

Othello . . . . . Mrs. SELBY.

After which the entirely New Burlesque, called
GEORGE AND THE CROCODILE.

To conclude with the
PANTOMIME.

NEW GRECIAN SALOON

City Road.

CONCERT EVERY EVENING.

The Musical Entertainments (varied every Evening) and the overtures performed by the Band, having received general approbation, they will be continued until further notice.

THEATRICALS.

"Honour the Art, and encourage the Artist."

VICTORIA.

The Musical Farce of the *Little Jockey* has lately been brought out here, with great success. It is a light pleasing novelty, in which was introduced some pretty music, new scenery and dresses; and a few very agreeable songs, which were sungby Mr. Hunt and a Miss Julia Dunbar, from the Norwich Theatre.

The plot runs in the ordinary course—Love, Joy, Surprise, Disappointment, Jealousy, Recrimination, Relentings, Weeping, Forgiveness, and Marriage. An old batchelor, the *Baron de Briancourt* (Mr. Williams), possessès a Chateau near Paris, and 100,000 livres of rent—sends, all in a hurry to the capital for his nephew, *Linval* (Mr. Hunt), for the purpose of introducing him to a young lady staying at the castle, a *Mdlle. Clotilde* (Mrs. Hill), to whom the old gentleman has taken a vast liking, and wishes to marry to his nephew. The nephew's affections, as usual are elsewhere engaged, as happens to be the case with *Mdlle. Clotilde. Linval*, dependant upon his uncle, proposes to leave Paris, and has an interview, in consequence, with the lady of his choice, *Arinette* (Miss Dunbar), prior to his departure, in which she proposes to accompany him. This the lover ventures to oppose as a mad-headed scheme; but the lady is not to be moved from her purpose; and after some plan of disguise, proposed by the latter, but which is part kept secret from *Linval*, the happy pair set off for the Baron's. The next scene brings us down to the Chateau, where *Linval*, attended by a lackey, in quality of valet, and habited as a little jockey, (the *Lady Arinette*) thus disguised, is presented to the uncle, with whom *Old Squaretoes* is mightily taken. The object of *Linval's* visit is amply discussed, and a meeting of the parties concerned is put into train. Meanwhile, *Mademoiselle Clotilde* is not idle, for her lover, *Florimond* (Forrester), was and is no unfrequent attendant at the Baron's by stealth, and of course is informed of the meeting about to take place. A good scene follows, in which *Clotilde* and *Linval*, both averse to the interview, are now brought together. After the usual embarrassment is over, the happy discovery made on the part of both is, that they have formed a mutual dislike for each other, that nothing can conquer. This confession, so unlooked for and delightful, is followed by a tender embrace on the part of the haters, and *Lindal* drops on his knee, in token of everlasting regard and good-will. At this moment the stage-doors open, and *Florimond* and *Arinette* make their appearance at different sides. The consternation is great, and jealousy takes place, on the part of the *injured* pair. This, after a time, and some tender explanatory scenes, is finally removed, and all set to rights. The Baron is propitiated; and, though stormy in gesture and looks, is at length induced to forgive the delinquents the double forgery committed upon him, and *bon gré mal gré* consents to their union.

A new historical Drama, by Don Telesforo de Trueba, called *The Royal Delinquent, or the Triumph of Justice*, was produced at this Theatre last week, with great success. It is a Spanish story, and the King himself is made to appear as the Roya Delinquent. There are several good hits in the piece, applicable to the present times, and which were well received; and the piece itself does great credit to its author, and will no doubt have, what is vulgarly termed, a good run. The Pantomime here still continues to attract crowded audiences every evening, and we must candidly confess, that, upon the whole, it is the best pantomime we have yet seen.—The *Columbine* of Mademoiselle Rosier, is a performance deserving of great praise, and which has not been surpassed within our recollection; and we cannot help noticing the admirable attention this lady bestows in the business of every scene in which she is engaged.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Another new Burletta has been produced at this Theatre, from the pen of the veteran Kenney, called *Dancing for Life*. The piece is written with great point, neatness, and a lively intelligence. Liston capered about in the most fantastic style; while his friend Keeley, looked the very picture of awkward simplicity and quaintly aspiring confidence. The plot of the piece is too trifling to require a detail of it here; suffice to say, that it was completely successful, and received with the most flattering reception by a fashionable and crowded audience.

THE ADELPHI

We paid a visit to this little Theatre on Monday last, to witness the performance of the new piece of *The Revolt of the Naiades*; it is taken from the celebrated Parisian spectacle now performing at Paris, called *Révolte du Sérail*. The splendid scenery reflects great credit, and appears to have outdone all its former effects, so peculiar to this Theatre; it seems as if it were determined to shew that obstacles only whetted invention, and then a resolution to overcome all difficulties would not only conquer but triumph. The music is very pleasing. The story of the piece is taken from the familiar *Legend of the Rhine*. The dresses are very superb, and the general getting up of the piece is highly creditable to the Management, and who have evinced great activity and tact in taking the best parts of the Parisian rage and presenting to the English public, voluptuously enough, but without offence to decency. The piece was well received by a crowded audience, and no doubt will prove a very attractive piece, and be the means of returning many golden opinions into the treasury of the Theatre.

THE FITZROY.

A new musical Burletta, called *The Wandering Minstrel*, has been produced here, with decided success. The part of the supposed minstrel was very cleverly acted by Mr. Mitchell, and that of the real one by Miss Crisp, who sung several songs in a style highly creditable to her. The piece was announced by Mr. Holmes (the Prompter) for repetition every evening, until further notice; and from the many novelties lately produced here, under the present management, will not fail to secure the patronage of a liberal-minded public.

ORIGINAL PAPERS, BY THE EDITOR.

LETTER

FROM WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE IN ELYSIUM, TO ALFRED BUNN, ESQ.

Master of his Majesty's servants, the players of the new wedded Companies of the two Kingly Theatres—the one as it appeareth situated in Drury Lane, the other in Convent Garden, London—Greeting.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MASTER ALFRED BUNN.

From divers rumors which have reached mine ear, touching the present estate and condition of the English Stage; it should seem that true and genuine poesy, in the play wrights occupation, findeth now but little approval, and most grieviously lacketh admirers in England. Half-starved Poets, whose shades are continually arriving in Elysium, complain sadly of the want of patronage, which hath well nigh driven the Muses from their favorite haunt, the fair and goodly island of Britannia—like birds of passage when the winter beginneth to deck him in his icy mantle—to a warmer and more hospitable region. From all that I have however been able to glean — and the observations the frequency of my intercourse with the said discontented ghosts hath enabled me to make— I am arrived at the conclusion, that the true reason why the po t cannot find a patron now a days, in England, is, because the *patron finds such difficulty in meeting with a poet* — Rhymsters and Poetasters you have in goodly, or rather in *evil* plenty, but the fire of heaven not stolen Prometheus like, but the spontaneous gift of the gods themselves—gloweth not in every breast—Each scribbler hath not received the holy kiss of nature in the hour of his birth; and he who hath not, and yet persevereth in following the poet's occupation, committeth but an act of felony in robbing the poor goose of her quill, wherewith to pen the abortions of his fancy.

But to the point at issue. The subject and object of this letter unto thee, friend Alfred Bunn—the present estate and condition of the English Stage. One Edmund Kean, a master spirit, who very recently arrived here in these bowers of bliss, assureth me, that the darling offsprings of my tragic muse—which I as a legacy bequeathed to my dear country—to wit, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, &c. &c., are seldom played but at a ruinous loss to thy pocket, friend Alfred Bunn; the vast Theatres, of which thou art the much approved master, being on such occasions scarcely a fourth-part filled with spectators; while the most barbarous exhibition "of dumb show and noise," peradventure some monstrosity, as a devil, a dragon, or other unsightly beast, be therein brought forth—never faileth to fill thy benches—and win the plaudits of the million,

This looketh ill, very ill, friend Alfred Bunn; and correspondeth but badly with the boasted refinement of the age in which thou livest. In my day, I had, as it were, to *create* the English Stage; and, when I sat me down to pen my first play, I bethought me well, not only of the subject and argument thereof, and the cunning contrivance of each scene, tending to one great end, the *instruction* as well the amusement of mankind: but also did I take into account the especial character and genius of the people, for whom I wrote. In pondering thereon, I found that the English, though a sedate and thoughtful nation, like not, in their hours of pastime, too sad and gloomy a picture—but one, in which the deeper shades of character are enlivened by the light of comedy; for there always was (and evidently it is still the same), a vein of pleasantry and humor in the English, which, despite the thickness of their blood, ought to render them the happiest people upon earth. In all my plays, therefore, even such as harrow up the very soul, there is sufficient *light* to give *life* to the picture. In *Romeo and Juliet*, for example,—a tale so touching, that the eye of pity cannot but weep at so much wretchedness—durst I refuse the merry prattling nurse her proper place? No! for she had reared *Juliet*, and appertained unto the family of the Capulets; and having brought her on the stage, how should she utter her feelings? In the long accents of o'erwhelming woe, because, forsooth, I writ a tragedy? No! rather as the quaint old gossip my fancy pictured her—self important, full of vulgar humor, wit, and jocularity—in brief, even such a woman as she was or would have been, had nature placed her on the stage of life. Thus did I study each point in the character of the people for whom I writ, for the which reason I seldom failed to please the million The afore-mentioned Edmund Kean, whose friendship I esteem, beyond that of any shade in Elysium; hath exceedingly delighted me, by the recital of several of the most pithy speeches in my plays—and certes, good Alfred Bunn, if thou hast a troop of players at thy command, all equally, or only in part, gifted like unto rare *Edmund Kean*, and the English run from such a glorious banquet as their enacting of a good play, cannot but prove—to the paltry and meager fare of glitter and "inexplicable dumb show and noise"—I must avow, my countrymen, since the time of my earthly pilgrimage are marvellously changed for the worse. But in all likelihood, friend Alfred Bunn, there is a grievious lack of ability in the players of thy day; and, if so, who can censure the multitude for seeking pleasure for the eye, when they can find nothing to interest the heart. A good speech ill spoken, is worse than a bad speech well delivered; wherefore then should even the offsprings of *my* fancy, my plays, (which men did so

plentifully flock to see, in the olden time) continue to draw into thy theatres, good Alfred Bunn, a goodly number of spectators; if thou have not players of mettle enew to enact them beseemingly? At all events thou art justified, friend Alfred Bunn, in serving forth unto thy guests such viands as thy cooks have skill to prepare, and the millions relish, for lack of better food. When that most awful of all days, to the master of a troop of players, arriveth, and he hath not wherewithal to pay unto his players their lawful wages—thy pardon, friend Alfred Bunn, for this phrase, *Wages*, I find men now write *Salary*—I say, when pay day cometh, and there be nought wherewith to pay, be it wages or salary, it cannot but make thee, friend Alfred Bunn, or any man placed in thy shoes, look exceedingly blank; therefore, I repeat, art thou justified, despite the outery of the judicious few, in doing all thou canst to please the million. If thou assayest, friend Alfred Bunn, to enact my *Richard*, *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, and still men will not come to see:—

The crook-back'd tyrant fall in Bosworth field;
Macbeth defying fate—Ophelia mad;
Or, black Othello stung by jealousy.

Why then, in the name of all the gods and groundlings, e'en give the million, *devils*, *dragons*, or such other monstrosities as they glory in, rather than see thy theatres void, and of necessity look blank thyself on Saturday. He that maintaineth not good report, in the world of mammon which thou dost still inhabit, as a sure paymaster, sinketh to nothing in all men's estimation—therefore, friend Alfred Bunn, eschew all such entertainments as subject thee to losses,

"Enough to weigh a royal merchant down."

and give unto the million that which pleases them, and fails not to "put money in thy purse." Thine, good Alfred Bunn, with all friendship,

THE SHADE OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ELK HUNTING.—Among the many original and pleasant anecdotes told by Colonel Crocket in his hunting excursions, we select the following,—chiefly because it brings us at once acquainted with the author, his habits, properties, and talents, of whatsoever kind they are; and secondly, because you get an excellent sporting story told with much ease and drollery, and inferior to none certainly of the many facetious and odd ones contained in his book. This work, like the "Comic Annual," and others of its class, defies all criticism, even were it our duty (as has been well observed) to show prowess in that ungentle craft. In this remark we perfectly agree with our contemporary: and now to the Colonel's tale:—"I hadn't been a hunter long in these back-woods, when I had occasion to send my little son a short distance from home; he soon came galloping back, and told me he saw two large elks cross the road just before him. I gathered up my rifle and accoutrements, jumped upon the horse, took up my son behind me to show where they were and rode off. I did not think it advisable to carry my dogs; for they would at once have ran them out of my hearing. The sun was something like two hours high, and the evening was calm and still. I had never at this time killed an elk, and was very anxious to do so. I found where they had crossed the road, left my little boy the horse to go home on, and followed after them. The ground was rather hard, and their tracks almost imperceptible; but I noticed where the grass was bruised by their treading, and sometimes I could see where they had bit a bush; in this way I followed after them. I went, I s'pose, about a mile, when I seed my elk feeding in a little prairie; there were no trees near me; so I got down, and tried to root my way to 'em, but they had got a notion of me, for they would feed awhile, and then turn their heads back and look for me, and then run off a little. We soon got into the woods agin, and I began to work 'em right badly. When they were feeding, I'd git a tree 'tween me and them, and run as hard as I could, then peep round to see 'em, and git down, root myself behind another tree, and then run agin. The woods were mighty open, and I could see 'em a long way, and I'd have gat a shot, but as I was creeping 'long after 'em, I see'd five deer coming towards me. I stopped right still, and they come feeding 'long close to me: when they got in about twenty yards of me, I raised old Betsy, levelled her, and down dropped the largest; the others raisen their heads and looked astonished; went up to the one which was down and smelt him, but did'nt seem afraid of me. I spoke not, and the report of the rifle was the only noise. Having loaded, I raised old Bet again, and down came another; the others only looked more astonished. I shot a third, and the remainder still kept looking on. Coming off in a hurry, I brought but few balls, and my fourth load contained the last. I thought I must have *my elk*; so I would'nt shoot another deer. I have never seen any thing like that since, in all my hunting. I don't believe they had ever seen a man before; for they wasn't the least afraid of me. Well, as I was saying, I thought I must have my elk; so I just left the deer lying there, and I was sorry I'd killed 'em, and off I started. I found their tracks, and followed on till I agin see'd 'em; 'twas getting late in the evening when I come in sight of 'em; they had somewhat forgotten me, tho' they were still a little shy; so, pursuing my former plan, I gained on 'em, but they still had a notion of me, and I couldn't get a close shoot. The sun was down, and it was growing a little dim, and I found I must either shoot or lose 'em; so I resolved to take the first chance. Again getting a tree 'tween me and them, I run as hard as I could up to it; and upon peeping round, there stood my elk about one hundred and forty yards distant, in a tolerably clear place, with their heads turned back, looking for me. This was my only chance, so raising up old Betsy, I fired at the one which was nearest to me; at the report of the gun it run off, passing the one which was before it about twenty yards, and then tumbled over. The other ran on and stopped with it. The ball, as I found afterwards, had entered just behind the shoulder, and ranged forward. I felt a little afraid, because they were so large; but I went up: when I got within about twenty yards of 'em, the one which was standing up began to paw the ground very violently, and shake his head at me; his horns were about six feet long, and he looked very formidable. I had nothing to shoot him with, and he seemed, from his actions, determined for battle. I tried to frighten him, but I was not able to do so till I gave a shrill call, when off he run; so great is the effect of the human voice upon all animals. I then went rather nearer to the one that was lying down, walked round him several times, and kept throwing chunks, to find whether he was alive or not, but he did not move; so I went up to him, and sure enough he was as dead as could be. By this time it was dark—I'd wandered off about four miles, and had nothing with me but my knife; however, I set to work and butchered him on the ground, and then set off for home. I felt mighty proud of this act, because the elk was the first I had ever killed, and he was so large. Next morning, with the aid of pack-horses, I got him home.

FIRE HUNTING.—Fire hunting was unknown in this country until within some 50 or 60 years, when it was introduced by Mr. Burnie, who lived among the Choctaw Indians. In Virginia it was practised before this, but not with the same success. The facility with which Mr. Burnie killed deer at night infused into the superstitious Indians a belief that he was some superior personage, and that he effected it by means of physic, which is their "to kaion," and solves all their mysteries. He delighted for some time in practising upon their fears, and literally astonished the natives. However, it was revealed, and is now generally practised, though prohibited by law. To prepare for a fire hunt, it is necessary to get a common frying-pan, the handle of which is lashed to a board, three or four inches in width, and five or six feet long, which is placed on the shoulder, and the arm thrown over it, to keep it in a horizontal position. The handle being lengthened, throws the pan several feet behind the hunter, in which there is a light wood fire kindled, and he is ready for a hunt. The light from the fire illuminates a circle, save where the shadow from the head falls, which diverging as it goes off, is in size considerable. Within this shadow the huntsman sees and shoots his game, which manifests itself alone by its eyes, which are red and fiery, from the reflection of the light, and visible at some distance. The huntsman either walks or rides, shoots with the pan on his shoulder, and seeks the highland or swamp, or any place where he will probably meet with deer. To increase the shadow, or range of vision, it is only necessary to move the handle horizontally to the right or left which causes the shadow to sweep the segment of a circle in any direction you please. The danger arising from this species of hunting is, that dogs, sheep, horses, and cows, are liable to be shot, their eyes presenting an appearance similar to that of the deer.

ATTACHMENT OF ELEPHANTS TO THEIR KEEPERS.

Those men in the East who attend to the care of animals are so identified with all their habits, that they seem to think of nothing else, and the animals appear so fully to understand them, that you may fancy they take part, particularly the elephants, in the conversation of their keepers. Sometimes the Mahout gains such influence over this animal, that he may be suspected of having compelled the affections by "spells and medicines bought of mountebanks." Some fault had been found, not long ago, with the driver of a baggage-elephant belonging to my regiment, and he was dismissed. The elephant had received his lesson, and would not suffer another to come near him.--Several were procured, one after the other, with excellent characters for kindness and management; but the gentlest creature seemed suddenly transformed into the most ungovernable. A month had passed without any return to rule, when the discharged driver was again taken into service, and the Elephant, delighted to see him, became once more fit for use.

The tender mercy of Kings in the olden time, towards the Citizens of London.

HENRY the Third plainly saw that there was no probability of the parliament, subservient as it was, granting him the required supplies, he therefore dissolved the house; and was, at length, through the extravagance of his court, and the obstinacy of the barons, reduced to such an extremity, that he was "fain, for lack of money, to sell his plate and jewels, greatly to his loss;" and enquiring where he could find a purchaser, he was told, in London; to which he passionately replied, "that the plebeian Londoners, who call themselves Barons, and abound in all things, and are an immense treasure in themselves;" and farther, "that if Augustus Cæsar's treasure were to be sold, the city of London could purchase it." As a means therefore of lessening the affluence of these plebeian Londoners, he soon after devised the expedient of granting a fifteen days annual *fair* to Richard de Crokesley, the Abbot of Westminster, to be held in Tothill, now Tothill fields; strictly commanding the Londoners during that time not to carry on any commerce; but that "all trade should cease within the city;" which tyrannical injunction highly irritated the citizens. All remonstrances were however ineffectual, and so far was he from attending to the complaints made on this occasion, that he gave fresh marks of his displeasure by keeping his Christmas in the succeeding year in London, and compelling the citizens to present him with valuable New Year's gifts. Yet even these were not sufficient to satisfy his rapacity, and the city was soon after constrained to give him the sum of £2000 sterling. Besides this, says Stowe, "The Kinge tooke victuals and wyne, where any could be founde, paying nothinge for the same."

THE TRAVELLER.—EUROPE.

Journal of TIMOTHY TWIST, *Esq. on his Continental Tour, in* 1826.

Thursday, Sept. 1st.—Arrived at Strasburg; went to the Theatre; it is handsome and well lighted, though but thinly attended, and chiefly by the military. It was impossible not to compare the French music with the German; to the great disadvantage of the former.—Had a great desire to see the spire of the Cathedral, by moonlight; but this night the moon was not bright enough to do it justice.

Friday, Sep. 2nd.—Barbers are conceited fellows all over the world; then, why not in France? Sent for a knight of the lather-box, to shave me and cut my hair. In the course of those all-important operations, the barber remarked several times, "Sir, you have had your hair very horribly cut." To avoid discussion on a subject of which I knew little or nothing, I assented; but my Gallican Dickey Gossip, was not to be silenced by a nod of the head—he went on—"Sir, you have had your head most horribly mutilated: may I presume to ask where it was last cut?" I was unwilling to criminate my darling London; so, to shield the British metropolis from his vengeance, I said, after a pause—"at Moscow." His look spake volumes; and he exclaimed, without uttering a syllable—"Then it's no wonder your head is such a strange figure." After a little more manœuvering with comb and scissors, he inquired, "Are you going soon to return to Moscow?" "Yes, very soon," replied I. "For any length of time?" "Some years." He said no more, but viewed me with pity, as if he thought "poor man, he is lost; nothing can save him. He will probably never have his hair cut *secundem artem* again." I have no doubt but this man of combs, powder, and pomatum, will say to his customers—"It's a shocking thing! I'm sorry for him; it makes me quite melancholy—poor fellow! I cut a gentleman's hair this morning, for the last time. He was a healthy, good-looking man enough; but he will never have his hair cut again: poor fellow!" "Why, what's the matter? was the gentleman going to die?" "Oh no, Sir; it would be a happy thing for him, if he was—but he is going to reside at Moscow."

Saturday, Sep. 3rd.—We re-crossed the Rhine to Kehl; and proceeded slowly, but pleasantly, in an open carriage, drawn by two horses, over a flat, but fine country; the mountains on our left, the majestic Rhine on our right. The costume of the women was remarkable and pleasing: they wore a large straw bonnet with five or six black worsted tufts. They were all employed in beating hemp, so that the country was one great Bridewell; they continually reminded me of one of Hogarth's pictures in the set of the "Harlot's Progress," viz., the Bridewell Scene, where all are beating hemp: men, women, and children. It is hard work, but they seemed to labor with good heart, and to be well fed.

Monday, Sep. 5th.—At Lauffen we saw the Rhine, as it were, preparing for his fall; then, from the Pavilion we looked down upon the astounding cascade. The spray blew up to the window, and sprinkled us, even before we reached it. It is indeed difficult to believe it is water, having every appearance of snow, thrown up with immense force from below, blended as it were with feathers and smoke or steam; whilst bursting through the indistinct moving mist below, there are seen beautiful rainbows, continually shifting, vanishing, and re-appearing. We descended; and there, from a frail, slippery, and dripping scaffold, erected for the purpose, we beheld Father Rhine, in all his terrors: beautiful and awfully sublime. The spray comes dashing over you; the waterfall is like a lion springing upon you; you see, under him, into his beard, and among the folds of his mane. To view the cascade alone, in the evening or at night, from a stone staircase, with an iron railing, not (as at present), from ugly wooden planks, where the most imminent danger threatens you, would be one of the most stupendous sights (Niagara alone excepted) in the world.

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.—Yankey Notions.

DRAUGHT HORSES.—I had been told so much of these creatures before I left America, that, if I had seen a breed of Elephants tackled to heavy drays, I should not have betrayed much astonishment. I was to see a race of animals of such power, size, and beauty, as I could have no idea of. So I prepared myself accordingly; and when I saw the prodigies, instead of being astonished at their magnitude, the effect was quite the contrary; they did not appear to me larger than those commonly seen in the streets of New York. We Americans have imported the English hunter, and racer; but we have no hunters or racers of our own, though a part of our people in the south, do hunt *a few (a little Americanism)*, after a mode, by the bye, as peculiar as their mode of angling; the very idea of which were enough to raise Father Walton out of his grave, and set all the fish of all the rivers in Great Britain agog. Scooping them up with drag-nets would be fair play to that which is the delight of our anglers, who *care* for nothing but to *catch*, no matter how, no matter what; or, as peculiar as their mode of shooting birds, with a rifle ball of seventy to the pound, from a musket or a blunderbuss, as it may happen. The true sportsman of America never throws away a chance, however much of his time or his powder he may expend. We are dead shots in our way, but not good for much where the laws of the game are to be observed—our object is to kill; any how, and any where. The Americans, like the red-hot cockney sportsman, pop at every thing they see, from the sparrow to the buzzard, from the bull-frog to the deer; and if they do not forage with bull-dogs for pointers; nor put the powder in after the shot; nor hunt fleas, or grasshoppers; nor carry their guns cocked instead of half cocked, giving as a reason (if Matthews be authority) that, in the former case, the flint having farther to go, the danger cannot be so great. If they do not equal the Cockneys in such things, they are an over-match for them in a multitude more, quite as offensive to the high-bred sportsman.

A LIVELY SKETCH OF EASTERN TOWNS.

The great peculiarity of an eastern town, is, that every thing is done in public: the people talk as loudly as they can, and sometimes, when engaged in unimportant matters, seem to be scolding each other in the most outrageous manner; the neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the creaking of the cart wheels, and the "clinking of pewterers' hammers" (for all occupations are carried on in a little open space in front of each shop), are beyond all endurance. The trumpeting noise of the elephants, and the groaning of the camels, varied occasionally by the roaring of a leopard, or a cheator, (which animals are led about the streets, hooded, to sell for the purposes of hunting), with the unceasing beat of the tom-tom, the shrill pipe, and the cracked sound of the viol, accompanied by the worse voices of the singers, are enough to drive a moderately nervous person to desperation. Among the natives of Mahometan towns there seems to be a familiarity of manner that places every one in a moment at his ease. If a stranger enter the town and find a group engaged in any amusement, he will not scruple to join it instantly, and take as much interest in its pursuit as if he had known the members of it all his life; and then, perhaps, tendering his pipe to one of the party, or receiving one from it—a sure sign of hospitality,—sit down and relate his history with as much frankness as if he had met a brother. The houses are generally irregular in their construction, and not unfrequently curiously decorated. Different coloured curtains, hang before the doors; variegated screens serve as blinds to the windows; and the custom of hanging clothes, particularly scarfs of every hue, pink, blue, yellow, green, and white, on the tops of the houses to dry, make them look as gay as a ship on a gala-day, with all its colours flying.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS.

EMBROIDERED satin is so extremely fashionable, that it is worn in the very fullest evening dress. Plain black satin is also very generally adopted: we lately observed several ball dresses composed of that material; the sombre effect of which was relieved only by a few *bouquets* of artificial flowers, or a wreath placed transversely across the *jupon*.

Robes of black lace, worn over white satin, are extremely beautiful and elegant. They are usually trimmed either with a deep flounce, or with a *traverse* composed of bows of ribbon.

The following *ensembles de toilettes*, which were worn by some young ladies at a recent fashionable party, excited general admiration:—

1. A dress of pink figured gauze, over a white satin slip. The *corsage* draped *à la Tyrolienne*. Short sleeves, with *nœuds de page*, composed of blonde satin ribbon, pink and white. A sash, with long ends of the same ribbon. The hair ornamented with a wreath of wild roses, *à la rosière*. Pearl ornaments.

2. A robe of white crape, trimmed with two rows of *tulle*, between which were placed small *flacons* of sky-blue satin ribbon. Short sleeves trimmed to correspond. The *jupon* ornamented *en traverse* with a light wreath of small blue bells. Head-dress, a wreath of blue bells *en spirale*.

Another elegant dress, worn by a lady of more mature years, consisted of a petticoat of white satin, over which was an open robe of crape, fastened back with bows of white satin ribbon. The *corsage*, richly trimmed with blonde, and ornamented in front, *à la Sevigné*, with a cameo agraffe, a wreath of wild flowers in the hair, Cameo ornaments.

Among the numerous articles of *bijouterieu* which have just made their appearance in Paris, along with other elegant novelties of the new year, we may notice the *Cordon Algerien*. It is a chain composed of fine dead gold, terminated by two tassels, and confined at the throat by a slide, in the oriental fashion. This slide resembles a bow composed of gold thread. The *cordon* has a beautiful effect when worn on a dress of rich velvet or satin.

A considerable number of magnificent court and other dresses, have recently been ordered from Mde. Hippolite in Paris, for the young Queen of Portugal, and the Duchess of Braganza. Among them are several dresses of figured satin, of various colours, some with lace patterns, and others with Pompadour flowers. There are also some beautiful dresses of cashmere and velvet, some made with pelerines of velvet, for out-door wear and others for full dress, with mantillas of point lace, or *chevrusques* of blonde.

Among the most admired of the court dresses, was one of *tulle*, richly embroidered in gold and silver, and lined with white satin. Another, with an embroidery of gold round the edge of the robe and mantle, and richly sprigged with lama of various colours, produced perfectly the effect of precious stones.

In Paris, the fashion of carrying *bouquets* of natural, or perfumed artificial flowers in the hand is universal. At the Theatres, and especially at the Opera, the number of these fragrant *bouquets* almost presented the effect of a flower garden.

GLEANINGS.

The Royal Academy at Antwerp has named Mr. John Martin, the painter, one of its members. A large gold medal has also been awarded him on the exhibition of his painting, and an excellent bust of Leopold, by a native artist, named Geefs, presented to him by his Majesty.

Majendi has given a scale of the pulse, which shows that the difference in frequency between that of the infant and the aged is more than double. The scale is—at birth 130 to 140 a minute; one year, 120 to 130; to two years, 102 to 110; three years, 90 to 100; seven years, 85 to 90; fourteen years, 80 to 85; adult age, 75 to 80; first old age, 65 to 75; confirmed old age 60 to 64.—*Lancet.*

If a piece of wood, a piece of marble, and a piece of iron, are all placed in a room heated to a temperature much higher than that of the human body, and the hand is then laid upon each, although each of these substances has the same actual temperature, the iron will feel the hottest, the marble not so hot, and the wood still less hot; and the reverse will be the case if each is first exposed to the action of a temperature much colder than that of the human frame.

A bottle, containing a note, thrown overboard by Lieut. Webbe, of his Majesty's packet *Melville*, about five months since, about 1,200 miles from Guernsey, for the purpose of ascertaining the course of the current, was picked up on the western side of that island about ten days since, having drifted about 8½ miles per diem from the spot where it was thrown into the sea.

Many persons prognosticate, notwithstanding the mildness of the winter hitherto, that cold weather is still approaching us; and this they do on the grounds that the Baltic is closed with ice, and that in Scotland severe frosts and snow have already taken place.

The number of volumes in the late Mr. Heber's library is estimated at 85,000 in England, and about half that number abroad; the cost is estimated at about 150,000*l.*

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"A very valuable accession to English literature."—*Liverpool Mercury*, Jan. 10th.

RASPBERRY BALSAM, for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthmatic affections, Consumptive Coughs, &c.—This soothing and exquisite compound of the delicious raspberry, will be found to produce the most beneficial effects in all description of Coughs, Colds, Shortness of Breath, Asthma, Consumptive Coughs, &c. In the most stubborn cases of Asthma one dose has been known to give instantaneous relief, causing the accumulation of phlegm to be thrown off by a copious expectoration, thereby enabling the patient to enjoy that repose he has so long been deprived of. In Consumptive Coughs, and all diseases of the chest and lungs, it has been the means of alleviating the sufferings of many individuals, and when a cure could not possibly be affected, it so far removed the disease as to allow the invalid to pursue his usual occupations without much difficulty. This elegant and much admired preparation, from its harmless and innocent nature, may be administered to children in all complaints of Hooping-cough, Chin cough, Inflammation of the Lungs, &c.; and will be taken by them and all persons on account of its saccharine properties, and grateful flavour, without the least hesitation.

Prepared only by E. YATE, chemyst (sole proprietor) 12, Vauxhall walk, Lambeth, and sold by him in bottles, 1*s.* 1½*d.* each; also by Barclay and Sons, Farringdon St. Nix, Royal Exchange-gate; Sanger, Oxford-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; Hancock, Blackfriars-road; and by all Patent Medicine venders in town and country.

TRUSSES.—H. COLWELL, No. 1. Southampton-street, Strand, having hitherto manufactured for the trade only, now offers to labouring men strong and good trusses at 2*s.* 6*d.* each; and to the public, trusses covered in a superior manner at 5*s.*—Salmon's Patent, 5*s.* Best ditto, 7*s.*, usually charged one guinea and upwards, and every other article in the business equally cheap. Mrs. C in attendance for Ladies.—Trusses for exportation (not liable to rust) at lower prices than at any other house in London.—Trusses re-covered,

TESTIMONIALS OF THE PRESS.

"Public institutions, parochial officers, and benevolent individuals, will do well to patronise the industry and spirit of Mr. Colwell.—The invention for Prolapsus surpasses every thing of the kind we have ever seen, and is not more than one third the price usually charged by other manufacturers."—Weekly True Sun.

"We have it in contemplation shortly to shew up the humbug of the Truss Societies. Were the subscribers to these institutions to look a little more closely into the way their money is managed, they would soon discover, that the best way of serving the objects of their bounty would be to order the article direct from such a man as Colwell, who sells excellent trusses at five shillings, and even half-a-crown a piece, rather than delegate the disposal of their cash to men who have notoriously and improperly used it."—New Weekly Dispatch.

COALS.—POPE, BROTHERS, and Co. beg to invite the attention of the public to their extraordinary low prices of Coals, and recommend to purchasers the present time as the most favourable and important to lay in a stock.

At the request of many respectable families, Pope, Brothers, and Co. quote a price for screened Coals, but, at the same time, assure the public that their best, which they sell at 28*s.*, are sent out more free from dust than unscreened Coals are in general, and they feel persuaded that they will gain the preference they so justly merit, alike for size, quality, and price.

In again announcing it as their undeviating principle to deliver this article at the lowest figure, at which it can possibly be done, P. B. and Co, pledge themselves to the most scrupulous adherence to the above facts, as the only true criterion of cheapness.

	per ton.
Stewart's, Hetton's, or Lambton's Wall's End	25*s.*
Ditto, ditto. screened . .	27*s.*
Tee's Wall's End	23*s.*
Seconds	from 22*s*, to 24*s.*
Small Coal, of Stewart's, Hetton's, and Lambton mixed	17*s.*

Free of every expense, for cash, on delivery.

Orders (post paid) addressed to Pope, Brothers and Co. Abbey Wharf, Little Abingdon-street, Westminster; Princes Wharf, Princes-street, Lambeth; Dock Head Wharf, Shad Thames, Southwark; Anchor Wharf, 247, Wapping; High Bridge Wharf, Greenwich; and to Pope, Brothers, Beard, and Co. Western Wharf, Edward-street, Regent's-park Basin, will receive prompt attention.

Abbey Wharf, Little Abingdon-street,
Westminster. December 1, 1833.

THE TEA! THE TEA!

MONOPOLY DESTROYED! But the Public thereby (when the Trade is thrown open) will be exposed to greater impositions! than they are at the present moment! a few questions and facts for the consideration of the discriminating part of the public, by Tho. Burnard, Grocer and Tea Dealer, 32, Little Pulteney-street, Golden square, Corner of Crown-court.

Of the many Millions of Persons, who daily use this (*if genuine*) most useful, wholesome, and delicious Beverage, is there one out of one hundred (can tell Good Tea from Bad) upon looking at it—can discover whether it is (Pure or Adulterated?) Is it not more frequently bought upon the Faith of the Recommendation of the Grocer, than upon your own judgment? It is a notorious but lamentable Fact, that some Thousands are retailing Teas, who are themselves no Judges of it! and having purchased at the Recommendation of others, frequently are imposed upon; and hence are compelled, in Self Defence, to impose upon others! The Consequences are obvious; Disappointment in your favourite Repast; the loss of your money; the wasting of your Sugar and Milk; and if it happens to be adulterated, (which often has been the case,) your health is destroyed! These are subjects well worthy the serious attention of Families while purchasing Teas.

But how should it be otherwise, when one half of the Trade have never served any Apprenticeship to the Business; but have taken to it when all others have failed MON DIEU!

The TEAS, at present, previous to being offered for Sale by the (East India Company, are valued by Tea Brokers who have some Character to lose,) as well as the Company and the Teas are sold accordingly as good, indifferent, or bad; but when the Trade will be open, every Tea Dealer, who is not his own Broker, will be exposed to dreadful Imposition; for which the Public at large will suffer. The value of such Men as THOMAS BURNARD, who are well acquainted with the Article, and now sell at a small Profit the best of Teas, Cheaper than any House in London, will be appreciated.

1,000 Sovereigns reward! To any Person who will discover one Particle of bad or adulterated Tea, at the Warehouse of T. BURNARD, 32, Little Pulteney-street, Golden-square, who invites the Excise not only to take his Stock in the usual Way, but to analyze every Chest he has.

	s.	*d.*
King William IV.'s favorite Pekoe Tea	6	0
And Queen Adelaide's favorite Hyson Tea ...	8	0

Are much inquired for.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Just Published.—Second Edition of

THE PSALMS of the CHURCH; dedicated, with most gracious permission, to the QUEEN, by EDWARD CHASE.—Containing Specimens of the Compositions of all Ages, arranged for voices, with a Condensed Instrumental Accompaniment. Also, a History of Church Music and Musical Notation; Notes on the text of each Psalm; Biographical Memoirs of all the Composers; and a variety of other interesting Information.—Now ready for delivery, handsomely bound in purple cloth, Price 1*l.* 1*s.*

By J. Green, 33, Soho-square. Inventor and Manufacturer of the Royal Seraphine.

If any body has a set of young children who hate physic, (as all children do), and yet are under the necessity of taking *something* to cure their coughs, let him try Yate's Raspberry Balsam, and the dear little creatures will swallow it like honey. *We* coughed.—We consumed thirteen-pence halfpenny worth!! We coughed no more?

LOWTHER ROOMS.—These elegant and extensive Rooms were most fashionably and crowdedly attended on Tuesday last, to a Select Invitation Dress Ball, given by the spirited proprietors, Messrs. Wood and Blake, on the occasion of their opening books, for insertion of Subscribers names to a series of eight Subscription Balls, to be held at the above Rooms, and for the purpose of appointing a Committee to carry the necessary arrangements into effect. From the appearance of the books at the close of the evening, we doubt not that the Balls intended to be given, will form as splendid and attractive an assemblage of persons as ever graced the boards of any former public place of amusement of the kind; not only from the numerous but from the respectability of the Subscribers. The suppers and wines provided here, are also on a scale which reflects great credit on the management both as to quality and the moderation in the charges. We beg to refer our readers to an Advertisement in another part of our paper, for the particulars as respects the regulations of the intended assemblies.

The following excellent article, upon "Radicalism," we extract from the *Metropolitan Magazine* of this month:—

"We now turn to that party which is full of vague and vast ideas—the experimentalists in politics, the innovators in legislature, and the reformers in religion. Do we use these terms as stigmas of reproach? By no means. We deny it utterly. We are ourselves reformers—nay, more, innovators, when reform means correction, and innovation improvement. But, have we not already reformed, and are we not still reforming? Have we not already innovated, and are we not still innovating? The arduous task is in the hands of government. Allow them to do it coolly and dispassionately. If you press too much one way, they must be compelled to a resistance of equal violence another. We cannot be always contending. A state of excitement is at times useful, and sometimes, equally pleasurable, but nothing is more wearing out or destructive than its lasting too long. Radicals, it is you whom we are addressing: hitherto you have been the benefactors of your country. None can deny it. Endeavour still to deserve that title. We verily believe, that, without you, we should have had no reform, or such a bit-by-bit, and as-little-as-may-be reform, as would have driven the whole country either into open rebellion, or under the wheels of the heavy and iron sledge of despotism. We have not forgotten that when the expressed wish for parliamentary reform was pronounced to be constructive treason, with what a holy ardour you spoke the patriot words openly, manfully, and heroically, in the face of day, and in the face of the people, and in the face of your oppressors. We have not forgotten the insults, the penalties that were exacted, and the imprisonments that you suffered. For all this we honour you. You did all this in rather an exalted state of feeling, but at that time, such exaltation was necessary. As prophets, you were under a glorious inspiration, and performed your mission well. What you demanded has been obtained, and what you foretold has been realized, even beyond your expectations. It is now time to pause. You have obtained the measures you demanded, and have exalted those men you invoked to realize those measures. It is needless to tell us for it is acknowledged on all hands, that this clamour for reform was sought but as a means for an end. Then leave those who are now wielding those means, in peace, and with deliberation to achieve that end. Whilst the din of faction resounds in their ears, they will be afraid to voice the will of the multitude to make the popular side still more powerful in the state, and to extend franchises which they find to be merely an extension of clamour. Our advice to the Radicals is, that they should, like the other opposing party to government, hold themselves also distinct and integral as a party, and by no means, for a single moment, think of coalescing, for any present advantage, however plausible. As the Tories would move too slowly, or rather not at all, and the Radicals, we think, would move much too fast, the two parties cannot, by any possibility, have an identity of interests. Besides, the Tories, scattered and defeated, nay, annihilated as they would seem to be, are still the more considerable class, and the union of the Radicals with them would be like the union of the river with an arm of the sea, the less swallowing up the greater water. No, let the Radical stand upon his own merits, support the present government, as one the most consonant to the opinions that he professes, or that he is ever likely to obtain—never vote with the Tories, as every vote he so gives, is, in him, an act of black apostacy; and, finally, look upon himself in some measure, as the 'avant garde,' in the march of improvement, whenever that march should be made necessary. But just now, we think that he should be quiescent. It is the time for a peaceful demeanour and a quiet tone of thinking. Let him conciliate and be conciliated: that is now the duty of a patriot radical reformer."

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